



Trevon leaned lazily against the corner of the elevator, and his eyes fixed on Natalie, who was unsteady on her feet. The image of her surprising the whole scene came to his mind. He gritted his teeth and said. “You’re quite something.”

However, Natalie was now suffering from the aftereffects of her drunk and did not know that Trevon was talking to her. She was a behaved drinker and would not make any noise after getting drunk. It was just that her feet felt light when walking, as if she was stepping on a cloud, floating.

With a stagger, she was about to fall toward the elevator. But at the same time, a large, strong palm wrapped around her slender, soft waist.

Trevon inexplicably felt his palm very hot. Natalie’s dress was so thin that Trevon could feel the warmth and softness of her skin, and her waist was slender enough to be held by one hand.

He looked at her with obscure eyes.

At this moment, Jim, who held on to his breath and tried to reduce his presence, thought that Trevon still cared about Natalie. At least he did not leave her behind.

The moment the elevator door opened, Jim quickly fled to the car.

He drove the car to the nearest location of the elevator and got out to open the car door for Trevon. Then he went straight to the driver’s seat and raised the fender between the front and rear seats without thinking.

Jim complained deep down, “Life is really too hard.”

In the back seat, Natalie was drowsy. She scratched her face, which was a bit itchy, and always felt something like the fine hair sliding around her face.

She kept scratching her face again and again, but it was still itchy. This action attracted the man's attention. He stretched out his well-defined fingers to help her pluck the loose hair on her face behind her ear.

After that, Natalie fell asleep quietly against the car window.

Trevon stared quietly at the side-view of her face and muttered, "At least she didn't make a fuss after drinking."

Jim arrived at the Adare Manor as quickly as possible. He got out of the car, opened the back car door, and respectfully asked, "Do you want to get out of the car, Mr. Wilson?"

Trevon replied coolly, "What do you think?"

Jim scratched his head and hesitantly asked, "Should I wake up Mrs. Wilson? She's asleep. Or Mr. Wilson, will you... carry her in..." The last three words were said in an extremely low voice.

Trevon took a look at the woman who was still in her carefree sleep in the car. His eyebrows knitted together, and a headache came up to him. He had never carried any woman before, and he was hesitant if he should lower his status to carry her.

After thinking for a good while, he felt that he should not cross the line according to the agreement, so he turned his head and indifferently said to Jim, "You do it."

Jim shouted inwardly. "Holy shit! Mr. Wilson, are you serious? That is your wife, not mine. Do you think I dare to do that?"

After he realized that Jim took a moment to comply, he said to himself again. "Forget it. I'll do it. You can leave."

He lowered his dignified body and bent in to pick up Natalie, who was still asleep and was jolted by the cold wind. She subconsciously leaned toward the heat source around her, and her hands wrapped around his neck, rubbing herself constantly against his embrace to find a comfortable position.

If she was awake at the moment, he would have thrown her to the ground without hesitation.

This was obviously seduction. Trevon was a little distracted and hot, just wanting to hurry and throw this “trouble” into the house..

Seeing this scene, Jim secretly fished out his cell phone and took a picture of them. He said inwardly, “What a match made in heaven!

“Mr. Wilson is the only one who can match Mrs. Wilson, who can be cool and sassy but also gentle and quiet. And she can even change at any time.”

After entering the villa, Trevon went straight to the guest room and placed Natalie gently on the bed. When he tried to get up, he found that his neck was wrapped by her arms, and he couldn’t take them off.

He sighed helplessly and tried to wake her up. “Natalie, let go.”

The woman on the bed muttered, “Hmm?” But her hands still remained wrapped around his neck. The sleeping woman thought she was holding a bear plushie and tugged it hard toward her embrace.

Unexpectedly, his cold lips pressed against her soft red lips. His breathing stopped for a moment, and he stared at Natalie with widened eyes in disbelief.

He thought the woman must have done it on purpose.

But unaware of all this, Natalie turned over her body and continued sleeping, leaving the man alone with a grim face.

He looked at her. with a gloomy gaze as if she was prey and wanted to rush over and rip her. However, the woman was still sound asleep on the bed in spite of her teasing.

He found it a little hard to accept that his body had some kind of reaction it. Could it be that he was aroused because of a kiss?

No, it was not even a kiss. It could only be considered a light touch between the lips.

He pulled the covers over and indifferently put them on her. Then he turned around and went back to his room to take a shower.

On the other side, Frank hadn't gotten into the car with Hackett yet, reasoning that Sherri was still so excited and wanted to bounce. They tried to pull her back by any means but couldn't.

Frank teased, "You should take care of her since you got her to drink. I'll be responsible for driving you."

Hackett regretted to the extreme that he had forced her to drink. If he had known that this woman would make such a big fuss when she was drunk, he would never have messed with her.

More importantly, he didn't mess with her. It was she that took the initiative to come up to him and even interrupted his pursuit of his crush.

Hackett still underestimated Sherri's drunken madness. This was just the beginning, not the end.

"Missy, can we go back now?" This woman is Athana's Landor family's honored daughter. He couldn't beat her up or be rude. to her, or Edward would surely teach him a lesson.

Frank impatiently urged, "Can you be quicker?"

“You are annoying” After saying this, Hackett was also consumed with no patience and went straight to the dance floor to carry Sherri on his shoulders.

But of course, Sherri would not buy it. She struggled and pulled Hackett’s hair with both hands, screaming. I don’t want to go back! I want to dance! Who are you? I’ll kill you!”

Hackett was furious and ran out of patience. Though he was always surrounded by women, no one had ever made him suffer like this. It was as if he had used up all his patience in his life tonight. He shouted, “Stop fucking screaming! If you dare to spit out a single word. I’ll throw you on the floor”

Frank, on the other hand, was sitting in the front seat with a hidden smile under his eyes. He thought, “You asked for it yourself.”

Hackett finally got this troublemaker in the car. But when he was about to get into the front seat, he found that the door could not be opened, so he probed into the back seat and shouted at Frank, “Unlock the door.”

Frank knew what he was referring to, but he said, “I’m the driver tonight. You get in the back.”

Hackett was anxious. “Shit, bro. Don’t joke with me. Do you think I can sit in the back? I’m afraid I’ll be killed by this woman.

“Hurry up.” Frank’s voice was stern.

Hackett swore that he would get back with this woman for the anger he had suffered all night, and then he reluctantly got in.

The car started, and Frank drove one-handed without hurry.

Hackett was afraid of Sherri pulling his hair again. After all, his scalp was still numb and tingling from the woman’s scratches. just now, and he suspected

that his hair was pulled off. He carefully leaned against the window, trying to distance himself

from her.

But Sherri began to get excited as soon as she saw him get in the back seat. She kept coming up to him. “Do you like to sing?”

Hackett replied with an expressionless face, “No.”

“Do you like to listen to songs, then?”

“No.”

“I’m a good singer. Let me sing for you.” Sherri did not care whether Hackett loved it or not and sang a song.

It was a very high–pitched tune. And her voice was loud and clear, resounding throughout the whole car.

Frank felt a headache at this moment. He thought Sherri was invincible after she was drunk. He indifferently raised the fender between the front and back seats and opened the window again.

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